

The Omen



THE OMEN

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Policy Box!

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to stand by whatever you said. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not okay in the forum and will not be printed.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (our news, our opinions, our artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307, box 710), Jonathan Land (E-311, box 527) or Dave Wilcox (Mod 56, take a walk to Enfield, you bastards, box 865). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY macintosh), although hard copy (on paper) is okay too. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 250 times. What better way to be heard?

"Flavor Flav's in everything you eat" -Flavor Flav

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Editorial

Who Do I Have to Blow Around Here...

Hello once again, campers! Have I ever told you that the world is a beautiful place filled with beautiful people? If I did, then I'm afraid I was gravely mistaken. Today's lecture is all about the concept of lines.

Most people spend a good amount of their lives waiting in lines. Trying to get a passport or driver's license. Trying to eat in SAGA. Trying to get tickets for the big Traffic and Eagles reunion tours. I'm sure no further examples are necessary, because I'm sure you're really familiar with the sensation of standing in lines. Hey, have you ever realized that when you go see a band play somewhere, you go stand in a line for quite sometime, then stand in a huge circle or square waiting further for said band to play? Food for thought? No, but a nice segue for the next tasty morsel.

From my time spent in SAGA, I've come to terms with the fact that no one I see there is 1) as fast and efficient as I am, and 2) aware of the fact that there are other people currently inhabiting the universe (or at least the three feet behind them). You would think that things would go faster now in SAGA because it's self-serve, but alas, people around here are far too incompetent to attempt to make life even the slightest bit easier.

Now after saying this, I do realize that the line is not entirely the cardtakers' fault. Let's face it, many people here are inconsiderate and have the common sense of roadkill. Why do people wait until the get to

the front of the line to either 1) attempt to take out their card, which for them is a ten-minute process, or 2) attempt to take out their card, and then they realize that they don't have it. This holds the (usually incompetent) cardtaker up, something that they can't afford to do, AND it holds all the students behind them up. It's a vicious cycle. Actually, I know I'll never be able to live down the fact that I let a huge line form after all, just because most of the people who eat in SAGA have the practicality of a yurt.

I hope you realize I haven't even gotten past the little set of stairs yet. This is where the true trouble lies, at the heart of the matter, the food. Now, you would think that after spending all that time in line people would read the handy-dandy little menu that's right in front of them (actually, there's one under the glass at the front desk too), but NO, people who eat at SAGA can't have that much foresight, CAN THEY? The times that are the worst for actually (attempting) getting food are 8:30-9:00 in the morning, right before class, 12:15 and after in the afternoon, right after class, and 5:15 and after in the evening, nowhere near most classes. How long does it take to squeeze the friggin' tongs around two or three pancakes, then take two

Continued on next page

...to Eat A Friggin' Meal in Saga?

scoops of syrup, and possibly one scoop of margarine? What's wrong with you retard that have to tell your friends behind you about your miserable and worthless life-story for the hundredth time. One: No one else wants to hear it, so do it in the privacy of someone's room, or over the phone, and Two: Your loser friend doesn't want to hear about it either because they just want to friggin' eat. Talk when you sit down, not while you're busy holding up the rest of society. WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU PEOPLE, YOU'RE ALL MORONS. I HATE YOU, I HATE YOU ALL, ESPECIALLY YOU CORKY, YEAH, YOU, WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT? I'LL WIPE THAT FRIGGIN' GRIN OFF YOUR FACE! I'LL KICK YOUR ASS, I'LL KICK YOUR MOTHERFUCKING SP-ED ASS! Sorry for that little outburst.

Now, that's not the worst thing, believe it or not. The worst thing of all is the line for putting your dirty things away. Now, I don't know about you, but when I get up from my table with the intention to leave SAGA, I intend to leave SAGA at that very point in time, not five minutes from then, not "in a little while", but at that moment. What's so difficult about putting your shit in piles, then throwing it all out. Who died and made everyone retarded? Consolidate, consolidate, consolidate while you're still at the table dumb-ass. Put all your food on one plate, put all your paper products to one side of your plate, put all the silverware next to each other, and then go on line, and

take the three seconds necessary to throw the shit out. Second one: Put your tray on the metal shelf, fling the food off of your one plate into the food compost with your left hand, and throw the paper products into the paper compost with your right hand. Practice, Corky, it works! Second two: Put the dishes and cups away. Second three: Put the silverware and tray away. NOW WAS THAT SO HARD, YOU FRIGGIN' IDIOT? WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU? EVEN YOU STUPID, PRETENTIOUS FILM STUDENTS AND YOU WIMPS WHO ARE SO

DUMB, YOU'RE SCARED OF TAKING ANY NATURAL SCIENCE COURSES SHOULD BE ABLE TO HANDLE SUCH A MUNDANE THING. HELLO, IS THIS THING ON? I HATE YOU, I FRIGGIN' HATE YOU ALL, YOU BASTARDS. GO PIERCE SOMETHING, THEN DIE YOUR FRIGGIN' HAIR.

I'd like to thank everyone for indulging me with that whole spiel, you all sit back down and eat now. Thank you. See you next week.

JonAAthAA **LAAnd**
Managing Editor
The Hampshire Omen

An Omen Scavenger Hunt

Hello there, campers! Here's our first ever Omen Scavenger Hunt contest! If you've got the cochangas to get all the idems on this list, you'll make a fast fifty bucks, that's right, FIFTY BUCKS! So, get a head start over your depraved loser friends and get to the big bucks first. Enough talk, here's the ten, that's right, only ten items you need to find to make yourself fifty bucks richer:

- 1: Three copies of The Omen (I don't care, they can all be the same issue).
- 2: Full service for eight from SAGA (At least four of the sets have to be the catering silverware).
- 3: Four 120 minute tapes (any brand will do).
- 4: One pair of eyeglasses (nearsighted on one side, farsighted on the other (don't worry, they do exist, I wear them, but I keep them well-guarded, so no fast moves Bucky)).
- 5: A picnic table.
- 6: The huge size Coffeemate they have (at least in the Dakin) house office.
- 7: A (unopened) 4-pound bag of Smarties.
- 8: A potted tree from SAGA.
- 9: The rear axle of a wheelchair (motorized).
- 10: A jar of Nitroglycerine, or a pound of Plastique (you can do half and half, I don't care).

Well, that's all folks. Happy hunting, and I'll see you at the end of the rainbow. Love and Kisses,

Jon Land



Where the Hell Was Jerry, Anyway?

Excalibur surged into its fifth fest of Ravenloft role-playing horror this past Saturday night, on November 5th, in the Prescott Tavern and various virtual plains in the fantasy universe. Heading up the game were five Game Masters and veteran Excalibites—David LeClair, Jamie Comeau, Jesse Garson, Kristen Harbeson, and Beth Murray, with Excalibur überwench Lisa Sheehan playing the anthropomorphic personification of the Sandman character, Death. Much fun and horror was had by all, with the usual gallows humor and bizarre situations that are the hallmarks of good role-playing bringing the event into full fruition.

Three weeks of planning and coordination went into a game that was played out over only five hours in the Tavern. The various GMs started the game on four planes of existence, with LeClair using a Celtic background, Garson in ancient Greece, Comeau in the Mongolian East (Yes! There WERE Yurts! Sort of...), and Murray and Harbeson "tag-team GMing" in the Norselands. Each GM based their scenario on research and various mythos, with sources from Lovecraft to Gaiman serving as structural authorities for the settings. The goal of this first half of the game was for each group, 4-5 people under each GM, to bring back a relic that would culminate

in the survivors entering a portal and bringing them to the final plane of conflict.

"I think it was really successful," commented Beth Murray, interviewed the day after the festivities, "We had a decent sized crowd." Every member of said "crowd" is given a candle to monitor their life span towards the end of the game; when a player meets their demise, Death, played by Sheehan, entered the scene to snuff their candles and render them dead. Said Sheehan of her somewhat racy outfit/role, "I am not a slut." Well.

Every year, Excalibur strives to make this event a "Non-Role Player friendly" function, tailoring the systems used to run the game for easy comprehension for even those who have never before witnessed the throwing of a hundred-sided die. This year, the players were roughly composed of an equal ratio of hardened role-players and relative neophytes, making this a major Excalibur event that is open to all. The gamers tried to introduce community-wide issues into their scenario, albeit in their own special way.

"I did try to have yurts," reminisced Comeau. "Unfortunately, my characters completely spoiled my plot, because they were supposed to be captured by the Mongolians—and thrown into a yurt. But they got completely past that by attacking before the Mongolians even got

there, and wiping out the Mongolians, taking their horses. So, I never got to throw them in a yurt."

Also making their presence known were two fairly-well known members of the Hampshire higher-ups, namely, Derrick Elmes and Sheila Moos, two personas played by a couple of the participants.

Apparently, Derrick kicked the ass of that notorious omnipotent being, C'Thulu, while Sheila Moos was eventually rendered into a statue who had her arm chiseled off. Also in the role-playing retinue were two thieves under the guise of Joe and Frank Hardy, who assisted in the act of hog-tying" C'Thulu.

This event was another notch in the belt of the continuing Ravenloft tradition at Hampshire. I personally attended the F'91 Ravenloft game my first semester at Hampshire, held in the basement of Dakin, mentioned only by dint of the fact that I want to brag that I was one of the last five people to have my candle snuffed as Chris Hedberg surged to triumph in an excellent game master-minded by Ravenloft oligarch Jerry Darcy. For those of you who have yet to play Ravenloft, give it a try, you'll have an excellent time. Put that in your pipe and smoke it until next Halloween. For those of you who have never "gamed," Ravenloft is an appropriately horrifying way to start.

by Stephanie Cole

SECTION HATE

Take This Bible and Shove It

Section Hate is coming to you straight from one of the oldest sources I could get my hot, Eurocentric hands on this week, that pillar of Western society, The Bible. Most of us have had to suffer being inundated with this tradition from the time we were babes in arms, and whether we have chosen to bit the bullet and incorporate it into our lives by becoming Christians, or recant the whole thing and become guilt-laden agnostics and atheists, there is one great, embarrassing fact that almost always springs into reality: most of us couldn't name the twelve disciples if they came up and preached us on the ass. To quote Indiana Jones, "Didn't any of you guys ever go to Sunday School?" So, this week, I'm going over the roster of those most hold of the holy. It should prove an interesting memorizational tool, and provide a few chuckles for those who won't work themselves into high Christian dudgeon. Bear with me. I'm not trying to be sacrilegious, here—I'm just a bit of a heathen.

Using the sacred writ of Matthew 10:1, we have these players on the first-string line-up. Disciple number one is listed as Simon, "who was called Peter." Now, the question I have here is—why the heck was he "called" Peter? Was it a stage name? Perhaps Jesus just preferred to call him that. Or—was

he a born-again hiding from the law behind a curtain of conversion and Christianity? Maybe he was a crack-lord before he entered the discipleship.

One the Peter point, an interesting bit of trivia, capriciously derived from my tendency to watch an eclectic variety of movies, is that the same guy who portrayed said disciple in the film version of "Jesus Christ Superstar" was also the male lead in the porno "Scent of Heather." Coincidence, or devilish type-casting? He didn't have to play Peter. He could have been Labbaeus, or one of the Jameses. But probably, the humor behind letting an erstwhile porn star play the only disciple named after a slang word for the male member was too much irony for the casting crew to dismiss. Film. It's crazy stuff.

Next, we have Andrew, who was Simon-Peter's brother. He only got one name. No doubt, as a younger brother, he felt cheated. It was a hard-knock life in Biblical land, let me tell ya.

A second set of brothers follows the Peter-Andrew duo, namely, James and John, the sons of Zebedee. The only comment I have to proffer about this is: How come all the disciples, after whom so many people are named, got really bland, boring names, when their fathers got such cool ones? Life around here would be a lot more

interesting if every guy named "James" were called "Zebedee." Kind of sounds like "Zippidee-doo-dah." So much more fun. We'd have presidents with names like "Zebedee Polk", and singers called "Zebedee Taylor." The name has style. Oh, well.

Following the sons of Zipperwhee, there's Philip and Bartholomew. Phil, and Bart. Could be two members of Genesis. Oh, wait—that's Old Testament.

Next, another James, this one the son of Alphaeus. Another chance at a great common name totally missed, and this one even a repeat. Was the privation of names so gargantuan at the time that they had to have two guys, with the same job, having the same name? A precedent of changing your name was already set by Simon-Peter-Dick-Pud-Swizzlestick; at the very least, James II could have been called Jim, or...Bill. It doesn't make sense. But then, various random reading of The Bible would suggest that most of it is a pile of hooey.

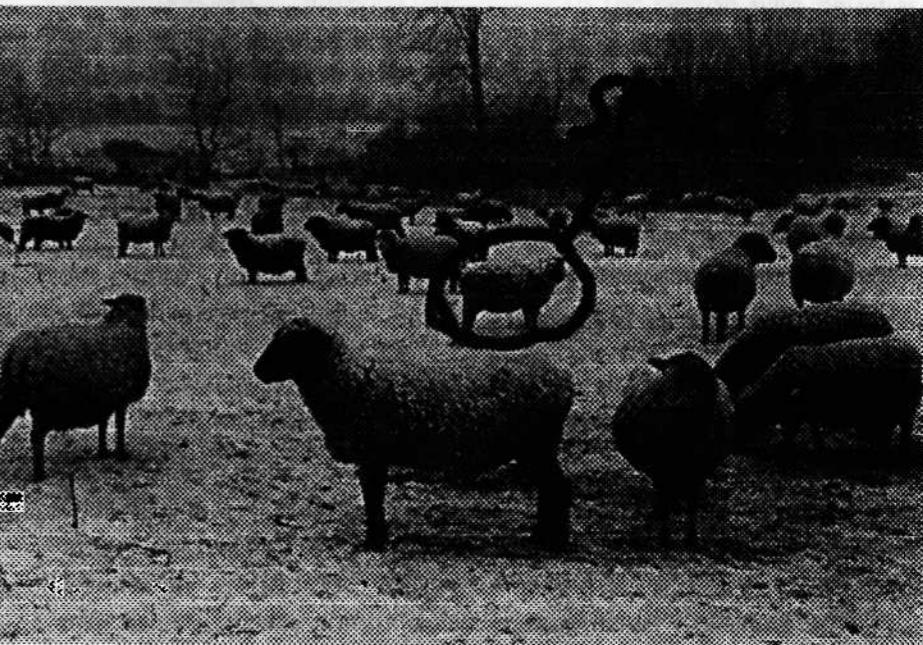
Lebbaeus (Good name! Good name! How come we never hear about him?) and Simon came next. See? One of the Simons obviously altered his name, probably to make passing the food around the Last Supper table all the more convenient. Consistency...is not the strong point of The Bible.

Continued on next page

So we knew the ritual, and all we needed was a living sacrifice. We had decided against humans, although traditional, and they worked the best, y'all are just uneconomical and just plain hard to deal with in this modern age (plus they usually don't seem to like it that much and then there's the police so...) We already had thought of sheep, but none of us knew how to actually handle a sheep and get it all the way up to F-4. Therefore, we were very grateful that we were presented with the unique opportunity in the wee early morning hours of Halloween (well within the time ordained by the ritual), when some kind soul left us an innocent but slightly startled young lamb.

The circle was drawn, the ritual blades were retrieved and we all assembled in our lounge, hearts trembling in anticipation of the beauty about to be revealed. With tremors that shook the room, the portal was opened and we were able to gaze upon the glory of the infernal regios. As the room glowed red with the unholy glow, and sulfur and brimstone and fridge odor billowed out, a few of our more faint-hearted followers fainted dead away at the cataclysm of the senses.

It was then that our master revealed himself to us. We decided to call him Frank [ed. note- Ben Piekut named him Sparky] as his real name is unpronounceable in casual conversation (plus it was really tough on the larynx). Realizing that Frank had decided to stay a



Postcard from Hampshire College School store, featuring a much older Sparky...or was it Fred?

while, we had to lay down the rules. Substance free, quiet hours at 2, keep the lounge clean, etc... He grumbled at first, but we were able to convince him that in order to maintain the hall as a safe space, everyone must work together.

Over the last week or so, Frank the Demon has lived on our hall. We got along quite well, as he was really good at roleplaying, and he readily became part of the crew. He also had a grand old time possessing the Pinocchio's delivery guy when he came to deliver our calzones. (guaranteed to break the ice at parties!)

However, the administration had a different view of Frank the Demon. It seemed to them that he looked too much like a pet (the hooves and the horns we suppose) and they had poor old Frank exorcised and kicked off campus. He'll be back, though. Frank really liked Hampshire College, and when he

returns, he plans to do his Div III on the oppression of Demons in First world societies. Frank will also be available for anyone who wants to sell their soul for a good NS Div I.

Brought to you from the collective mind-being of the F-4 Gamers.

Kevin Haggery, with F-4

Bible Bashing Cont.

Finally, we have that Section Hate fave, Judas Iscariot. Now, that's really what we need. More people named Judas. Someone named Judas would have instant sex appeal, in my book.

Stephanie Cole

I Would Rather Live Well Than Live For Ever

I would rather live well than live forever.

A few days ago I was out with a friend of mine- we went to a cof-

Thoughts After Midnight

fee house, each ordered a cookie and cuppa. We sat down, and as I pulled out a cigarette, she scowled at me.

"You shouldn't be smoking those."

"Yeah?"

"They say every cigarette takes an hour off your life."

An hour off my life. I didn't think about it at the time, but later- smoking another cigarette- I began to wonder about the kinds of ideas that lie behind an idea like "taking an hour off your life." Somewhere- during the last century, certainly- the idea that we each have a certain allotment of life- that an hour can be taken off of by a cigarette- or added to through, say, an hour of jogging has come into the Western, and most particularly the American consciousness.

There is something self perpetuating about this obsession too- the main idea that seems to be featured in most exercise club ads, and implied by fitness magazines is "live longer and look great."

Looking great- that highest of American ideals- a concern with the exterior- is another drive towards a life less than fully lived. In a culture where who you look like is more important than who you are it is no wonder that we begin to feel emotionally detached from our own lives, that relationships become superficial, that it becomes difficult to distinguish between genuine emotion and theater.

It seems to be an increasing mania, this idea of adding to your allotment of life- an obsession with living forever gaining momentum. It is visible in the increased numbers of health clubs everywhere, the fact that fat-and-sugar-free cookies are now almost easier to find than the normal kind, and that more and more people can be seen bobbing

up and down in neon leotards, sipping mineral water and eating nothing but organic vegetables and food that tastes like cardboard.

I sure as hell don't want to die, but this seems excessive.

All of these "health" movements seem to me to have a flavor of desperation about them- our lives seem empty, and to make up for a day to day existence that is not lived fully we try to live longer to compensate, scrabbling for another week, another month. It is no wonder that we feel the need to squeeze out every possible second of life when most of us spend a third of our time sitting in an office staring at the next cubicle over and another third slouched in front of the television- diluted experience blurs days together, months passing leaving only a memory of a numbness.

Smoking a cigarette may take an hour off my life, but I can say without hesitation that I would take the pleasure of a good smoke after dinner over an hour of safe boredom, and consider myself to have come out of the deal ahead.

Once again- I would rather live well than live forever.

by Matthew Flaming
September 1994, New Mexico

A Poem on Vegetables

For Vegetables Potatoes

You're spoiled and spotty,

You rotten old fruit.
Some vegetables are evil,
But you are the root.

Ben Piekut

Can't We All Just Get Along?

The Queer Community Alliance (QCA) recently put up a poster on the wall across from the ride board at the post office, inviting students' questions, comments, and suggestions (regarding racial diversity within the QCA). I feel the need to publicly respond to certain comments written there, as I don't feel they can be adequately explored on a piece of oaktag. Though I will be using the word "we" in reference to the QCA, I am speaking only for myself, not as a QCA representative.

I am aggravated and dismayed at a few of the ignorant and vindictive accusations written on the board. First of all, the QCA is not "desperate for more members," and we are not out to "convert" anyone. Queer people know first hand how impossible it is to change their sexual orientation, and how dishonest it would be to try. The idea that Hampshire's QCA is comprised mainly of "college experimenters" who want to fit into this alternative campus" is ludicrous. Some people know all their lives that they are sexually "different," that they desire people of their own sex or that they love and want people regardless of gender. Others spend many years coming to that realization. Whichever the case, anyone who sleeps with, dates, or becomes romantically involved with someone of their own sex does so because they want to, not because sleazy, calculating queers teamed up to seduce him or her. Hell, even if we did roam in packs looking for straight innocents to tempt into our "lifestyle," seduction consummated

is consensual sex — unless a person is raped, they have control over their sexual choices. Someone who has led a heterosexual life until college and then identifies as queer has not been converted, they have merely acknowledged another side of themselves.

This idea that queer folks won't be satisfied until everyone is queer is a common myth that serves both to attack us as proselytizers and dismiss those who have just come out as merely being "P.C." and trendy. To the person who

passed judgment on QCA members' sexual identities, I ask the following: Do you sleep with people to prove a political point or to fit in? No? Well, neither do we. (If you do, I pity your lack of self-determination and your willingness to be manipulated.)

And to the woman who wrote "Just because I'm straight doesn't mean that I haven't discovered my 'true self' or that I'm not a true woman!", you are absolutely right. Who in the QCA has told you otherwise? Lesbian and bisexual women want the right to be as open about their sexualities as you are about yours, without stigma or threat of violence. How does this translate to "No woman is a *real* woman unless she's queer?" The queer community, for the most part, doesn't accept any one definition of femininity or masculinity as "real," rather we question the idea that gender is that fixed. Maybe you should think about your defensiveness, and why you feel that the QCA is out to disavow "your true self."

What surprised and angered me the most was the rant by the person who claims that the QCA are "all so fucking heterophobic" and we practice "reverse sexual discrimination." No examples were given illustrating how the QCA has exhibited heterophobia (aside from a complaint that a showing of cowgirl movies was open only to women), but the person rambled on

Continued on next page

Variations To Open Soon

On November 10th, the show Variations opens at Hampshire College. Originally conceived by Katie Taber, who both wrote and is performing in the piece, Variations was begun about a year ago. A collaborative process involving Taber and director Sara Sherman (Sexual Perversity in Chicago) has brought Variations to its opening night. Sherman, who researched on her own last summer for the show, received the script at the beginning of fall semester, at which point collaborative work began in earnest.

Sherman states that as the creator of Variations, Taber is the original visionary of the piece. Through their close work on the production, Sherman feels that her own visions and that of Taber have become more united as the production comes to realization. Sherman found the evolution of Variations to be "a very interesting process," a process involving a full year of creation and planning. As an actress in her own piece, Taber has been able to "pull back, and allow others to take part in the growth and changes of her vision," states Sherman. As happens in most shows, the input and interpretations of the actors have served to help shape and define the production.

The theme of Variations revolves around mental illness and the interpersonal relationships of a schizophrenic, played by Taber, and those close to her, primarily her sister, played by Meagan McEnulty. Instead of bringing a clinical aspect

to the production and showing us the evolution of one person's mind, we are taken into the world of the principle character, Camille, and given a slice of her life. Rather than attempting to provide a definition for mental illness, Variations invites us into the reality of communication, relationships, and the effects of such on the members of Camille's family. The play spans one year, and is divided into scenes by month.

Again, Variations opens on Thursday, November 10th. Personally, I am expecting quite a show,

and plan on writing a review for the next issue of The Omen. Also next week, we will hopefully have comments from Ms. Taber herself, who we were unfortunately unable to reach. I hope to see you at the show, and remember, all reviews are welcome here at The Omen

by Scarlette Hook

Fuck the Yurt, and also, the Omen would like to thank Lauren Ryder, Kate Washburn and Dave Wilcox for generous use of their computers and/or printers. Bless your hearts and souls. **Fuck the Yurt!**

Velocity Girl's A Comin'

That's right, kiddies, Sup Pop darlings Velocity Girl are going to be headlining what promises to be a kickin' show over at the UMASS Student Union Ballroom this Tuesday, November 15th. The show will also feature fellow indie-popsters The Swirlies and Walt Mink, and tickets are on sale NOW at For the Record, Strawberries, Tix Unlimited, and the Northampton Box Office. It's only \$7 for UMASS students and \$9 bucks for all the rest of you, so head on out and purchase your tickets today. Showtime is at 8 p.m.—see ya there!

This show is being presented by UPC Productions, who also just sponsored a great show featuring Helium over at the Bluewall last

Friday. And if any of you are interested in the rest of UPC's fall line-up, well, here it is!

Thursday November 17th-- Best of the Underground: featuring: Gravediggaz, Organized Konfusion, Common Sense, Beatnuts, and Artifact (Student Union Ballroom)

Friday December 9th-- Chucklehead with Rippopotamus (Bluewall)

Monday December 12th-- Shudder To Think with Sunny Day Real Estate and Brainiac (Student Union Ballroom)

(DENiZ)

More Peace, Love and Understanding

for quite a while about the supposed bias we show towards straight people. I am appalled at this misappropriation of our own language.

There was no basis given while attacking us as heterophobic. I would like to ask a few questions of the author of those accusations: What is heterophobia, in your mind? Have any members of the Hampshire QCA ever physically or verbally assaulted you for being straight? Has anyone told you that your lifestyle was immoral? That you were a sinner? That you had no right to appear in public with your lover? That you were just confused or going through a phase? That you were disgusting and should never speak about your lifestyle in public? Have you ever been made to feel like you were unsafe because you loved people of the opposite sex? Have you ever

wondered why your answers to these questions would likely be diametrically opposed to the responses of most queers?

If speaking about and combating homophobia makes us heterophobic, then every African American who fights for racial equality is automatically prejudice against White people. The QCA has always welcomed the friendship,

support and input of straight allies, and will continue to do so. I invite those people who wrote the comments to which I am responding, as well as the larger Hampshire community, to call me or write to me via e-mail to discuss what I've said or your take on these issues.

Jennifer L. Pozner
x. 4987/ box 1640
e-mail: jpozner

*Hampshire Independent Production
cordially invites you to*

*Something Borrowed
(Stories of romantic obsession, love and
loss)*

*a monologue written and performed by
Mimi O'Connor
and directed by Kelly Gallagher*

*Friday through Sunday, 17-20 November
at eight o'clock p.m.*

*Main Lecture Hall, Franklin Patterson
Hall,
Hampshire College*

*\$2 Students, \$3 General
Reservations are requested
at 549-4600, extension 5124*

Variations
by Kelly Taber
directed by
Sarah Taylor
Sherman
*a new play
about living
with mental
illness*
EDH Studio
Theatre
Nov. 10-13, 17-19
8:00 pm
582-5351

It's Getting Fucking Cold Outside

Author's note: The views and opinions expressed in the following article are not necessarily

Notes From Limboland

those of The Omen, Hampshire College, or, for that matter, the author himself - he might just be making all of this up. Who's to tell? As always, remember to go ahead and yurt this, baby. (By the way, Frank Sinatra still rocks all your asses) Now get on with it already. I'm sick of writing in italics.

Well, kids, it's November now, and you know what that means.

No, fuckface, I'm not talking about another sweeps month on TV. Nor am I talking about elections (Kennedy or Romney? Which would do the least damage?) or Interview with the Vampire (Uh... Tom Cruise as Lestat? Hello?) or preregistration (Why oh why oh why oh why oh why...). All those things may (or may not) be significant to the month of November, but they do not concern me this week.

No, what I'm talking about is winter. Yes, the evil six-letter word. W-I-N-T-E-R. Cold, snow, cold, slush, cold, freezing rain, cold, ice, cold, and more snow. Did I mention cold? It's cold.

November and winter go hand in hand in the northeast. And don't go whining and cowering in a corner, holding out a calendar in front of you like a talisman, pointing to December 21 and whimper-

ing, "That's when winter starts. It's still fall in November!" Get your head out of the ground and don't believe calendars - ever. It is a commonly believed myth that winter starts on December 21. Sure, that's the winter solstice and all, the days only get longer from there on out, but winter starts much, much earlier than that.

Like, say, in November.

Right now, as I'm writing this, it is the beginning of November. Right now, it's warm. Right now, actually, it's beautiful. It's that gorgeous kind of autumn weather that we seemed to miss out on this year, for the most part. Right now, it's Indian summer. But it's autumn's last gasp. It's just nature trying to fuck around with us. It's good ol' Gaia setting us up for the proverbial fall. There'll probably be snow on the ground in two weeks time. New England weather is cruel that way.

You know, I feel sorry for you poor, sorry fools from such warmer climes as California and Florida. You think it's been cold lately? Just wait. It gets oh so much colder. I truly do pity you... but, in a way, I'm laughing with glee behind your backs. Sure, cold is cold, no matter what, but New Englanders are conditioned to it from birth. To watch someone from a warmer climate suffering through a New England winter - well, it's our sort of petty revenge. Suckers.

You know, I'm not really looking forward to winter - I don't think anyone in their right minds does, especially after the winter we

had last year. But there are some things about winter that I am actually looking forward to. One is the smell of cow shit. When it's warm around here, it's smells like everyone and their mothers took a big giant crap in their pants. There's a lot of manure in these parts, and sometimes the smell is really unbearable. But when it's cold, the odiferous emanation is nullified, for the most part, by the fact that the shit is buried in snow and/or frozen solid. I swear, it will be such a relief to take a big ol' whiff and not smell the product of bovine bowels. Of course, my nose hairs will probably freeze and break off, but, hey, life's a trade-off.

All, I'm saying, folks, is this: don't pretend that winter isn't coming, because that will only lead to sever mental and emotional trauma. It's November now, and there's no escaping it. Winter is driving down the highway of the seasons, and it's doin' about ninety and not slowing down for dick, and we're the next off-ramp. So prepare yourselves. Unpack the scarves and the mittens, seriously consider starting work on Stephanie Cole's proposed TunnelSystem, start stocking up on acorns to beat the band, and pray - just pray - that the power doesn't do its disappearing act again. Hey, who knows? Maybe, if we do lose power, we can tear down the Yurt and use it for kindling. Make a big ol' bonfire. Toast marshmallows. Oh, yeah, total Camp Hamp.

Anyway, that's it on another exciting tour through Limboland.

Continued on page 14

It is at moments like these, with the dull wash of the flashing yellow traffic light breaking in through the window and illuminating her face in precise intervals - it is at moments like these when the half-remembered desire for a cigarette strikes me. It would seem so fitting, somehow. Dramatic. I've always had a flair for such things.

She stares up at me in the blinking light, a half-smile slightly curving her full lips, watery brown eyes already beginning to cloud over. Her mouth hangs slack; I can see the fine markings of laser-bonded caps on her upper front teeth. Her hair is such a plain color - the dullest shade of smog-brown, uglier than shit - but the feel of it is exquisite. Fine and thick at the same time, luxuriously soft, an innocent smell like fabric softener that must have been her shampoo... all nearly enough to send me into paroxysms of desire. I have a thing for hair, you see.

That was the first thing I noticed about her, her hair. That was an amazing thing in and of itself. Made me feel almost normal. I could fairly hear each strand brushing against the other as she tossed her head to one side in a surprisingly girlish gesture. And there's another amazing thing: she stared into my eyes as she flipped her hair, her gaze intense, only slightly desperate and trying oh so hard to be sensual. To think of it almost makes me laugh. She was the one who seduced me!

Of course I met and held her eyes. But I felt so foolish when she got up from her table across the smoke-filled coffee shop and ambled her way over to me. I hadn't

Cruel

been on the receiving end of this routine in many years. The very irony of the situation caused me to smile as she approached.

"Something funny, hm?" she asked, her voice too nasally to my liking. She sat down in the chair across the table from me, mouth quirking into a tiny grin of her own. So she felt a tad foolish as well. Not that it mattered.

"No, nothing - you wouldn't understand," I stammered, doing my best to appear nervous. I've found that this method works - nervous appearance combined with my youngish, intelligent and naive-looking face. It always charms them. I have no idea why. I do not pretend to understand women. For men it's... well, it is something entirely different.

"I wouldn't understand? Try me." Her grin widened as she took out a pack of cigarettes and popped one in her mouth. She lit it with a slender, gold-plated Zippo, the acrid butane smell scorching my nostrils. She took a deep drag and exhaled directly in my face, seemingly a challenge. She looked at me for a response. I only blinked and smiled bewilderedly.

"I just feel foolish, don't you? What I mean is, you know, the whole courting thing." I looked down at my hands, a practiced expression of embarrassment on my face. I could sense her going for it and fought the urge to laugh in her face and tell her what a goddamn idiot she was. A beautiful idiot, but an idiot nonetheless.

"Yeah, I know what you mean," she said, and paused only

long enough to take another drag of her cigarette. "It's crowded here, isn't it? You want to go somewhere? Someplace a little more private?"

Couldn't I just hear the desperation in her voice? I'm just looking for a fuck, her voice said to me. Just a simple little fuck. Are you willing?

"Yeah," I said, raising my head. I grinned sheepishly. "Yeah, I think that would be nice."

"Let's go," she said, then added in a voice so comically husky I very nearly did laugh, "I know just the place."

That was it. We rose to leave. We hadn't even exchanged names.

We went to her place, only three blocks from the coffee shop where we had so recently met. She was ramming her tongue down my throat by the time we had gotten through the door of her third-floor apartment. By the time we had crossed the threshold into her bedroom, I had stripped her down to her bra and panties and she had my shirt and pants undone. She asked me how I liked it as we made our way to her bed. I didn't answer. I never do.

She struggled only marginally. I think the only thing that revolted her was the feel of her own blood cascading down her neck and chest. After a few moments, she stopped pounding my back with her ineffectual fists.

I remember the smell of her hair mingled with the scent of her blood most clearly. It's always the olfactory sensations that stick out in my mind, for some reason.

Continued on next page

Devo Dementia

Devo, Devo, Devo.

There is so much to be said about Devo, yet not enough time on Earth to praise their unique contribution to modern music. Now, I bet a lot of you are thinking, "Devo, I know them, they did *Whip It*, right?" That's right, Sizzlechest, but oh so much more. The song *Whip It* was only towards the middle of their fruitful career. That's why, instead of The Omen dance where ten people on the staff show up, those very same ten people plus more of you crazy kids who want to take a stroll down memory lane, can show up and watch The Omen Devo Weekend!!! Almost eight hours of the Spudboys spread out over two days, along with the comforts of free food and drink!!! Here's a small portion of what you will encounter with your very own eyes:

Live performances from various television shows over the years (Saturday Night Live, some French TV show, etc.)

Interviews from everywhere from the Merv Griffin Show, to Entertainment Tonight.

Videos culled from a billion sources.

Random stuff!!! (For example: "Weird Al" Yankovic's *Dare to be Stupid* video, Devo's Honda and Diet Coke ads, Jermaine Jackson covers, a failed experiment in 3-D, other people's videos directed by members of Devo, etc.)

It's all here, so you should be too. Stay tuned next issue for when and where, Hotstuff.

-Jon Land



At left,
Aaron Mulvany,
and Ben Piekat,
on the
F Stairwell,
with their
newfound
friend,
Sparky

Cruel Continued

After it was over, I laid her down completely on the bed, did up my pants and shirt, and wiped my face clean of blood with some tissues from the dispenser on her night table. Then I just stood there looking at her - which is, in fact, what I'm doing now, a full two hours later.

The traffic light is incessant. Light. Blink. Dark. Blink.

I trace a finger along one gorgeous lip, run a hand through her extraordinary hair. It makes my heart ache, in a way, seeing her dead like this, knowing her last act was one made out of pure carnal desperation. But, then again, aren't my acts all desperate ones? It would seem so, no matter how hard I try to fool myself.

God, I wish I could have a cigarette. That would make this so

perfect, in a macabre way. Film-noir, if you will.

Instead, I bend down and lightly lick the congealed, clotted blood from her neck. That will have to do.

Yes, that will do.

by Josh Brassard

Limboland

Come back next week and enjoy the cheery fireside hospitality. And, please, submit something to The Omen. I know they'd love you for it, and you might even get a big sloppy kiss from Jon Land in the bargain.

And remember kids: keep your feet on the ground, but keep reaching for the stars.

Thppth.

by Josh Brassard